Hunter had received at Cherry Lodge had made him ashamed. They had ac-cepted him without question, and taken

cepted him without question, and taken him into the family circle, not merely as a friend, but as the lover of the girl whose blue eyes seemed to scoreh him with their faith and happiness. How long could he stand it? Even supposing the dead man in the wood told no tales, how long could be stand it? he asked himself as he sat on the side of the bed and started equal the

side of the bed and stared round the dainty room with moody eyes.

"Can I come in?" he asked again,

"She's never angry with me.

"But to the meantime we might be

"I'm glad you've come," he re But," he went on frankly.

shouldn't have thought you were a bit

girls do, you know -- she used to read me

little bits here and there." He grinned

sort of man to write sentiment of that sort," he added. The Fortune Hunter

doing all sorts of queer things he wouldn't do if he was at home in same.

normal old England.

Tommy nodded.

her, you know."

"Don't 1?" he said helplessly, "When

chap's abroad he's often driven to

"Humph! I dare say; and, of course,

she was a brick to you, wasn't she'

a kind of pride. "One of them had a title, and Uncle Clem was very angry

asked interestedly.

The Fortune Hunter looked horribly

"You don't look the

Tommy went on with "One of them had a

Tommy held out his hand,

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

TER head dropped a little and he had all the others in the house which he

the door behind him, and opened it.
"Yes, we've just neen talking about
Tommy shall have his skin, all
ht."
The Fortune Hunter turned sharply:
Tommy stood behind him, his peaked, He looked around desperately. "I tretful face, half eager, half embar-think if my clothes are dry—" he rassed.

"Can I come in?" he asked again, and the Fortune Hunter said with an effort: "Oh, yes, come in—I've been trying to make myself look more preyou; you are going to stay with us. I thought it was all arranged—didn't you tell me so, Anne, my dear?"

"Yes, I—I thought so, but—if John does not want to stay——if John does not want to stay—if John does not want to stay —if John doe

"Yes, I—I thought so, but—if John torward; he was very lame, one foot dragged painfully, and his whole body be said in a rough sort of voice. "But—I've no things with me. I—I left all my luggage in London, and I'm not hall my luggage in London, and I'm not have all longon interested eyes.

"I've got a car—Uncle Clem gave it is no because I can't get shout like."

Mr. Harding thumped him on the to me because I can't get about like other fellows. Tomorrow, if you like, mck and laughed.

"Pooh! That's all right! We're I'll drive you up to London and feten

"You're seeing Somerton at its best its left in the result of the many shouldn't I say it, may I ask?"

"You're seeing Somerton at its best its left its best to the house."

"You're seeing Somerton at its best its left its best to say it may I ask as a sportsman."

I'll drive you up to London and feten your things."

I'll drive you up to London and feten your things."

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I'll drive you up to London and feten your things."

I'll drive you up to london and feten your things."

I'll drive you up to london and feten your things."

I'll drive you anything. I'll anything to thank you in feont of Anne and aid of them but ''ll doing to thank you in feont of Anne and aid of them but ''ll didn't want to drown."

There was s

"You're seeing Semerton at its best and prettiest. John." he said. "We don't stay here in the winter; it's too damp, you know. The garden's under water half the time, but just now." his metry eyes rested fondly on the house before him, "well, it's rather a nice little spot, isn't it?" he asked casually.

The Fortune Hunter laughed.

The Fortune Hunter laughed.

the spot. Isn't it?" he asked casually.

The Fortune Hunter laughed.

"A man could ask nothing better." he could question this boy, and find out so said. "Hullo! what's the excite-They were passing the garden gate the house, but opened directly on to the main "If I'd been big and strong like coad, along which an excited crowd of you." Tommy went on, "I'd have gone cople were hurrying, hustling together all over the world, too, and killed bears.

and talking consclessly. and things." Anne gave a little cry.

"Oh, look! They're carrying some me. There must have been an accident, Oh, dear! What can it be?"

The Fortune Hunter took a quick he said, almost angrily, "Every one sten forward, and cought her by the one. There must have be a col. Oh, dear: What can it be?"

step forward, and caught her by the talks to me like that. Anne keep arm, swinging her round away from the special voice for me, and I hate it:

run forward. I forward.

If it's an accident, you don't want look. I'll go and see what it is, asse, stay where you are.'' he drew a lard breath. 'Sometimes I'd give anything in the world if only people would, see stood with fear in her eyes let me have a zood old row with them.' Please, stay where you are." obey. She stood with fear in her eyes and her hands pressed agitatedly to her lips, as the Fortune' Hunter went the road. The Portune Hunter laughed, "Well,

lips, as the Fortune Hinter went you shall have a good old row with me quickly forward and out into the road, some day, he promised, cheerfully. He caught the arm of a man hurry. "But in the ing to keep up with the little crowd and friends ch?" poke to him sharply. "What is it? What's the matter?" man looked over his shoulder. "But.

hen stopped. "Some one they've found in the wood the kind of chap to write those letters "Dead?" The question came with he went on quickly. "But now and sharpness of a pistol shot.

The question came with he went on quickly. "But now and then, when she felt very unhappy—like he sharpness of a pistol shot.

Yes; been dead for hours, so they say. They sent for a doctor and the Who is the man? Do you know? .. apologetically, A chake of the head was the reply, sort of head was the reply sort. he No-a stranger here—shabby-looking colored.

The Fortune Hunter relaxed his grip the other man's arm. But there must have been papers

ilm letters, something?" he asked. Another shake of the head. No, that's the odd thing, there's othing, not even a mark on his clothes. We bad a similar case here years agoman found in the river.

"And did they never find out who he

never; and it's years ago-"No, never; and it s state with never the road, with never the main went on down the road, and the Fortune Hunter turned round should have for him. "Yes." said the Fortune Hunter waguely and looked back at the garden where Anne stood waiting for him. "Plenty of girls would have jumped at the chance," Tommy averred, at the chance, "Tommy averred.

gainst the background of trees in her white frock, and the Fortune Hunter's bart quickened with a little beat of soon now you've really come?' Tommy Was his luck going to hold, after

He went back to her with slow steps.

He could not meet her eyes.

"A man: some poor devil they found the woods. He was dead."

"Oh, how sad! I wonder who he

The Fortune Hunter made no an-

wer, and it was with the excuse that must make some attempt to tidy scaped to the room allotted to

The hospitality which the Fortune

The boy looked slightly offended. The dinner gong ringing through the house mercifully put an end to the con-"They don't know there were versation, and Tommy limpingly led the

"They don't know—there were no way down the she half-turned, looking down the look back and say. "I know you don't look was disappearing. "Poor man!" she said gently. "I state." His voice was carnestly apolo-

The Fortune Hunter smiled broadly, in spite of his attempts to be serious.
"I quite understand," he said devis.
"Please don't mention it."

They went on into the dining-room

sat down on the side of the bed together.

In spite of the fact that he had think things out. He was angry with himself because dreaded it, the dinner passed off with the was failing to enjoy this adventure, perfect ease and friendiness. The countries heart to general matters, the five harmst before, when he sat on versation was kept to general matters. he five-barred gate and wondered what and no unexpected questions were

the five-barred gate and wondered what and no unexpected questions asked.

Anne was very silent, but the Formac barred was to become of him, he had boped for something—anything—no matter how wild and preposterous, that would for the time being, at all twents, hand him in comfort again.

He had lenged for a hot bath and peaceful night between clean sheets as he bad never longed for anything as thankful when the meal was conseived would like a little stroil in the garden. I expect, but don't stay has and there was every prospect of our too long. It's September, you out too long. It's September, you out there's a river mist rising to and there was every prospect of out too long. It's September, you e other, he was wishing himself back know, and there's a river mist rising on the stile again, footsore and already.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

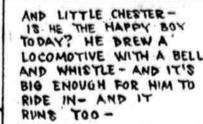
THE GUMPS—Santa Paused Here

MOTHER CHRISTMAS HAS ROLLED AROUND -UNCLE BIM AGAIN WAS THE LEADING ACTOR IN THE PLAY OF HAPPINESS-AND HOW WELL HE PLAYED HIS PART - TO THINK

SEE WHAT ANDY GOY FOR XMA8-SOLID GOLD WITH A DIAMOND IN IT--JJA. TON 8 TAHT GIA IT WAS FILLED WITH THE SPIRITS OF 1907-



AND MIN-A DIAMOND AND PLATINUM BROOCH . JUST THE THING SHE HAS ALWAYS LONGED FOR-





AND UNCLE BIM

WAS NOT ENTIRELY

FORGOTTEN - HE

CERTAINLY WAS

BUT SEE - DEAR READER -WHAT GOOD KIND SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT THE WIDOW - JUST LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW - HAVE A PEEP- MONDGRAM AND EVERYTHING.

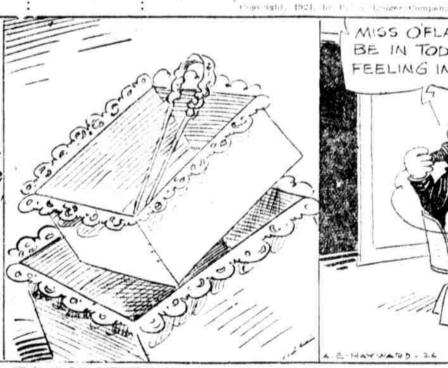
By Hayward

\* PHINEY SAITH

By Sidney Smith



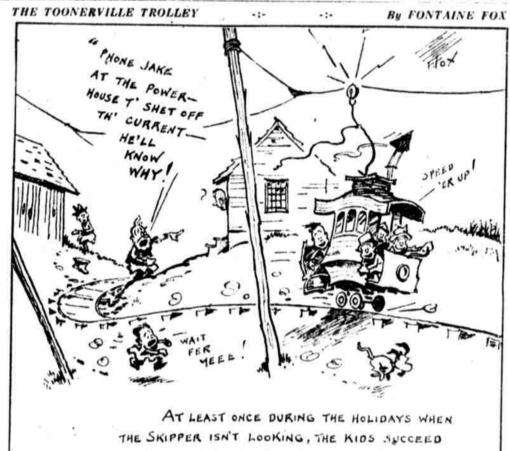




MISS OFLAGE WON'T BE IN TODAY, SHE'S FEELING INDISPOSED. A. E. HAY WATED - 26



The young lady across the way says the Armament Limitation Conference couldn't be expected to complish all the idealists want. but any friendly impasse at all among the nations is a step for-



IN STEALING THE CAR - THIS BEING ABOUT THE ONLY TIME THAT ANYONE EVER GETS ANY PLEASURE OUT OF KIDING ON THE BLAME THING.



PETEY-Twice in the Same Place



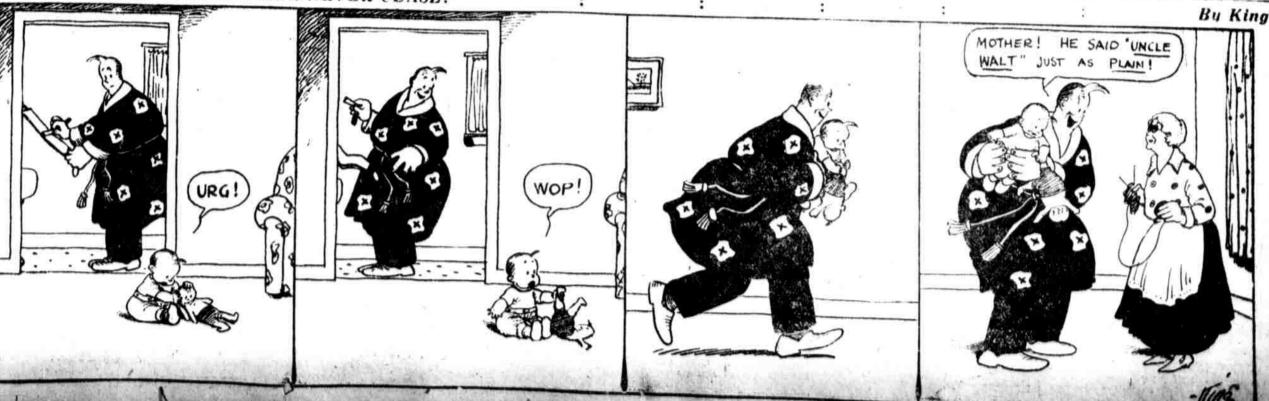




THE STATE OF THE S



"Was it an accident?" she asked, I haven't thought about it—there's been griously. "Who was it, John?" no time. I've hardly seen your sister



Bu C. A. Colaht